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Where is She?

Tennis Ball sat alone in his apartment. He sighed. "Golf Ball should be here too." "I know she's probably dead." He whispered, clutching Golf Ball's favorite necklace. It was shiny and green with a small snowflake-like pendant.

He recalled that horrible moment when the truth of what had happened to his beloved friend hit him like a rock. He was supposed to search for her with Four, X, and Coiny. But he found her necklace on the ground. GB would never have left it just lying there. She had to have been in serious danger.

TB wished that he knew the exact truth and the exact objects that had kidnapped or killed Golf Ball. At least then, he could have possibly avenged her or rescued her. But now, he was clueless and sad.

He got up from where he was sitting on his bed. He missed Golf Ball's angry, but oddly adorable voice telling him off for sleeping in too early or for not making breakfast for the two of them.

Tennis Ball walked into the streets, his head hung low as he looked around at the other objects walking by. They all seemed so happy, not even effected by GB's absence. He stiffened as he felt himself stop dead in his tracks, he looked down at Pin's two sons, Oliver and Benton (yes they have normal names shsh.) He froze as he saw their blazing eyes burning into him.

"Wanna see our chalk drawings?" Oliver offered, gesturing toward the scribbled chalk drawings that littered the sidewalk.

"U..Uh..sure.." Tennis Ball stammered. He froze again as he looked at the drawings. They were as low-level as a little kid's drawings can be, but they all looked like something out of a horror movie.

""Do ya like em'?" Benton asked in his high-pitched, cheerful voice.

"Yes, yes of course." Tennis Ball patted the red coin's head. Benton smiled at him, and went back to drawing with his brother.

TB shivered and walked away from them. "I hope that Golf Ball isn't dead.." He thought. "There is a possibility that she was kidnapped..." But why?

Tennis Ball could only hope for now that his friend was alive, though.

(O henlo shreems! I'm finally making the Tengolf story uwu. This takes place in the same timeline as "Do You Even Know?" and "Here For You" I hope all will enjoy this story owo.)

The Strange and The Unfamiliar

Golf Ball woke up in a dark room, blinking her eyes a few times to adjust to the darkness. her legs felt numb, and she could barely move anything. *"Where am I?"* Golf Ball thought, staring around at the dark room. *"And where is my necklace?"*

She assumed that she had been knocked out, but she felt no pain in her head. *"How did I get here, then?"*

Golf Ball just lay there, still in some kind of bed. It was actually very comfortable. She shook her head. She couldn't start liking this place. She had to find TB.

GB looked at her leg, seeing a small dart in it. She grabbed it in her teeth and pulled it out. The numbness slowly faded from her leg. Golf Ball stood up, walking around the room.

"Anyone there?" Golf Ball asked. But all she could hear was her own echo. "Just let me out of this stupid room!" She yelled, grunting and kicking at the door.

"Oh, you shouldn't be doing that."

A quiet voice answered Golf Ball's kicking and yelling. The object

barged through the door, wearing a black cloak.

"LET ME OUT, PLEASE!!" Golf Ball's yells turned into sobs. "I just want to see TB..."

"TB?" The voice asked. *"You mean, **my** crush that you stole from me..."*

"He isn't yours..." Golf Ball growled weakly, tired from all of the kicking. "Let me out..."

"No."

The object took another step towards the desperate GB. *"I'm sure you want to know who I am.."*

"Of course I do, you stupid object." Golf Ball growled through gritted teeth.

Suddenly, there was a smacking sound, and Golf Ball was flung across the room, crashing into something that she couldn't see. She writhed in pain, trying to stand up.

Golf Ball saw the object moving slowly toward her. She squeezed her eyes shut, hardly even feeling anything when the pain struck her head.

"I can't have you talking to me like that." The object laughed. *"I hope*

*you're better behaved tomorrow, **friend**.."*